

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,  
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and cease to weepe.  
But who can cease to weepe, and looke on this.  
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing brest:  
But where's the body that I should embrace?

*Buc.* What answer makes your Grace to the Rebels  
Supplication?

*King.* He send some holy Bishop to intreat:  
For God forbid, so many simple soules  
Should perish by the Sword. And I my selfe,  
Rather then bloody Warre shall cut them short,  
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.  
But stay, he read it ouer once againe.

*Qu.* Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this lonely face,  
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,  
And could it not inforce them to relent,  
That were vnworthy to behold the same.

*King.* Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath sworne to haue thy  
head.

*Say.* I, but I hope your Highnesse shall haue his.

*King.* How now Madam?  
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?  
I feare me (*Loue*) if that I had beene dead,  
Thou wouldst not haue mourn'd so much for me.

*Qu.* No my *Loue*, I should not mourne, but dye for  
thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*King.* How now? What newes? Why com'st thou in  
such haste?

*Mess.* The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:  
*Iacke Cade* proclaimes himselfe Lord *Mortimer*,  
Descended from the Duke of *Clarence* house,  
And calles your Grace *Vsurper*, openly,  
And vowes to Crowne himselfe in Westminster.

His Army is a ragged multitude  
Of Hinder and Pezants, rude and mercilesse:  
Sir *Humphrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,  
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:  
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,  
They call false Caterpillers, and intend their death.

*King.* Oh gracelesse men: they know not what they do.  
*Buck.* My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,  
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

*Qu.* Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,  
These Kentish Rebels would be soone appeas'd.

*King.* Lord *Say*, the Traitors hate thee,  
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

*Say.* So might your Graces person be in danger:  
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:  
And therefore in this Citie will I stay,  
And liue alone as secret as I may.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge.  
The Citizens flye and forsake their houses:  
The Rascall people, thirsting after prey,  
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly sweare  
To spoyle the Citie, and your Royall Court.

*Buc.* Then linger not my Lord, away, take horse.

*King.* Come *Margaret*, God our hope will succor vs.

*Qu.* My hope is gone, now Suffolke is decest.

*King.* Farewell my Lord, trust not the Kentish Rebels

*Buc.* Trust no body for feare you betraid.

*Say.* The trust I haue, is in mine innocence,

And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enters  
two or three Citizens below.*

*Scales.* How now? Is *Iacke Cade* slaine?  
*Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine:  
For they haue wonne the Bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them:  
The L. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower  
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

*Scales.* Such ayd as I can spare you shall command,  
But I am troubled heere with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue assay'd to win the Tower.  
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,  
And thither I will send you *Matthew Goffe*.  
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,  
And so farwell, for I must hence againe.

*Enter Iacke Cade and the rest, and strikes his  
staffe on London stone.*

*Cade.* Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this Citie,  
And heere sitting vpon London Stone,  
I charge and command, that of the Cities cost  
The pissing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine  
This first yeare of our raigne.  
And now henceforward it shall be Treason for any,  
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

*Enter a Soldier running.*

*Soul.* *Iacke Cade*, *Iacke Cade*.  
*Cade.* Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*  
*But.* If this Fellow be wise, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke*.  
*Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.  
*Dicke.* My Lord, there's an Army gathered together  
in Smithfield.  
*Cade.* Come, then let's go fight with them:  
But first, go and set London Bridge on fire,  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.  
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Alarums.* *Matthew Goffe* is slaine, and all the rest.  
*Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.*

*Cade.* So first: now go some and pull down the Sauoy:  
Others to the Innes of Court, downe with them all.

*But.* I haue a suite vnto your Lordship.

*Cade.* Bee it a Lordshippe, thou shalt haue it for that  
word.

*But.* Onely that the Lawes of England may come out  
of your mouth.

*John.* Masse 'twill be fore Law then, for he was thrust  
in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

*Smith.* Nay *John*, it wil be stinking Law, for his breath  
stinks with eating toasted cheefe.

*Cade.* I haue thought vpon it, it shall bee so. Away,  
burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth shall be  
the Parliament of England.

*John.* Then we are like to haue biting Statutes  
Vnlesse his teeth be pull'd out.

*Cade.* And hence-forward all things shall be in Com-  
mon. *Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*,  
which sold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay  
one and twenty Fiftenees, and one shilling to the pound,  
the last Subsidie.

*Enter George, with the Lord Say.*

*Cade.* Well, hee shall be beheaded for it ten times:  
Ah thou *Say*, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now  
art thou within point-blanke of our Iurisdiction Regall.  
What canst thou answer to my Maiesty, for giuing vp of  
Normandie vnto Mounseur *Basmeen*, the Dolphine of  
France? Be it knowne vnto thee by these presence, euen  
the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beesome  
that must sweepe the Court cleane of such filth as thou  
art: Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of  
the Realme, interesting a Grammar Schoole: and where-  
as before, our Fore-fathers had no other Booke but the  
Score and the Tally, thou hast caused printing to be vs'd,  
and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou  
hast built a Paper-Mill. It will be proued to thy Face,  
that thou hast men about thee, that vsually talke of a  
Nowne and a Verbe, and such abominable wordes, as  
no Christian eare can endure to heare. Thou hast appoin-  
ted Iustices of Peace, to call poore men before them, a-  
bout matters they were not able to answer. Moreover,  
thou hast put them in prison, and because they could not  
reade, thou hast hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for  
that cause they haue beene most worthy to liue. Thou  
dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

*Say.* What of that?

*Cade.* Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse weare  
a Cloake, when honest men then thou go in their Hofs  
and Doublets.

*Dicke.* And worke in their shirt to, as my selfe for ex-  
ample, that am a butcher.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*Dic.* What say you of Kent.

*Say.* Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

*Cade.* Away with him, away with him, he speaks La-  
tine.

*Say.* Heare me but speake, and beare mee where you  
will:

Kent, in the Commentaries *Caesar* writ,  
Is term'd the ciuel'st place of all this Ile:  
Sweet is the Countrey, because full of Riches,  
The People Liberrall, Valiant, Active, Wealthy,  
Which makes me hope you are not void of pittie.

I sold not *Maine*, I lost not *Normandie*,  
Yet to recouer them would loose my life:

Iustice with fauour haue I alwayes done,  
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.

When haue I ought exacted at your hands?

Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,

Large gifts haue I bestow'd on learned Clearkes,

Because my Booke prefer'd me to the King.

And seeing Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.

Vnlesse you be posselt with diuellish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murder me:

This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings

For your behoofe.

*Cade.* Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

*Say.* Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I struck

Those that I neuer saw, and stricke them dead.

*Geo.* O monstrous Coward! What, to come behinde

Folkes?

*Say.* These cheekes are pale for watching for your good

*Cade.* Giue him a box o'the eare, and that wil make 'em

red againe.

*Say.* Lo

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